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ASTHMA**

Your money will be refunded by your druggist without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever or Difficult Breathing. No matter how violent the attack or obstinate the case.

**DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR**

In either form (Cigarette, Pipe Mixture or Powder) Asthmador gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable. After having tried every other means of relief in vain. Sufferers are afforded an opportunity of availing themselves of this "Money-Back" guarantee offer as through purchasing from their own regular druggist, they are sure their money will be refunded by him if the remedy fails. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and will get your money back if you are not. We do not know of any other proposition which we could make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

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Money available on notice, negotiable, State approved, free from legal process or publicity. Regular periodical contribution to fund appears to wage earnings. For details address Industrial Sav. Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 40-1917.

**PETERSON'S OINTMENT
BEST FOR ECZEMA**

First Application Stops Itching of
Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles.

"Live and let live is my motto," says Peterson. "Druggists all over America sell PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 25 cents a large box and I say to these druggists, if anyone buys my ointment for any of the diseases or ailments for which I recommend it and are not benefited give them their money back."

"I've got a safe full of thankful letters testifying to the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for old and running sores, eczema, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breast, itching scalp and skin, blind, bleeding and itching piles."

John Scott, 233 Virginia St., Buffalo, N.Y., writes: "Peterson's Ointment is simply wonderful. It cured me of eczema and also piles, and did it so quickly that I was astonished." Adv.

A Question.
"He was boasting that he did some record flying abroad at the front."
"Aviating or running away?"

New York's noted old St. Denis hotel has been razed.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL
HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN TURNS DETECTIVE AND PUTS THE MAID THROUGH A GRILLING THIRD DEGREE

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

It was not there! With the sick sinking of a sudden loss, Helen's glance leaped from her jewel box to the pin-cushion. The lace-covered top was bristling with pins, but there was no welcoming gleam of a diamond, platinum-set brooch.

With disordering, nerve-tensioned haste she rummaged the top drawer. Gloves, veils, handkerchiefs were ruthlessly upset in the feverish search.

When did she have it last? Tuesday night she had worn it to the theater. But she remembered distinctly taking it off when she undressed, for it had caught in the lace of her gown.

Wednesday and Thursday they had not gone out. Both evenings she had worn her white voile for dinner—and had not worn the pin.

"Dora," excitedly, rushing out to the kitchen, "I can't find my diamond pin! When did you see it last?"

"I never took notice," holding up a steam dripping lid while she tested the boiling asparagus.

"I had it Tuesday night, but I can't remember whether I put it in the jewel case or left it on the pin-cushion. Did you see it Wednesday when you cleaned? Try to think!"

"It might 'a been there—but I never took notice," clamping on the lid.

Ruffled, Helen ran back to another futile search of the top drawer. It must be in the house somewhere. She had not worn it since Tuesday night—of that she was positive.

She called Dora to help move out the dresser. The pin might have dropped back against the wall.

With flushed face and lowered eyes, the girl dragged out her side of the dresser—but there was only a hairpin caught on the dusty molding.

"Get a cloth and wipe off that dust—while we have this out," ordered Helen, her housewife instinct operative even in her anxiety.

Though the heat of cooking always reddened Dora's face, there was something in her heightened color and evasive eyes that suddenly struck Helen with disturbing suspicion.

She had never doubted the girl's honesty, but now as Dora wiped off the molding there was a furtive consciousness in her manner.

After she had escaped to the kitchen, Helen stood thoughtfully thrusting a baton into the darkened pin wounds of the lace-covered cushion. Dora's references had been excellent, and in the nine months she had been with them she had seemed scrupulously honest.

Feeling that her suspicions were unjust, Helen now began a systematic search of the whole apartment. She was interrupted by the telephone. A foreigner's voice—a man's voice asking for Dora.

"Dora, some one wants you on the phone," noting the girl's still reddened face as she drained the salad in the sink.

Even from the bedroom Helen could hear the intensity in Dora's rapid, guttural Norwegian. Though the words were unintelligible, the girl's voice vibrated with anxiety, pleading and fear.

Had this something to do with the pin? Helen's intuitions were working fast. Was this the man who had been calling on her every Sunday?

It was a relief when the hall door slammed and Warren swung in with brisk vigor.

"Well, how goes everything?" Breathlessly Helen poured out the story of her loss and of her growing suspicions. With incisive rapid-fire questions, he came back at her.

"When did you wear it last? How'd you know you had it when you got home? Where'd you put it? Haven't worn it since? How'd you know you haven't?" Then his curt verdict, "Lost it at the theater."

"But I tell you I remember taking it off—it caught in the lace."

"Huh, might've been some other night. You're pretty hazy about the rest of it. Can't accuse the girl on that sort of evidence."

"I shouldn't dream of accusing her if she didn't act so suspicious. And her voice when she talked to that man over the phone! If she has taken it—she's put her up to it. Oh, I'm sure there's something wrong—you watch her at dinner!"

Although Dora always had dinner promptly at seven, tonight it was almost twenty minutes late.

Helen's distress over her loss had taken her appetite, but she watched the girl keenly. That something was wrong was evident, for Dora served with awkward self-consciousness. A fork fell clattering to the floor, and her hands trembled noticeably as she placed the roast on the table.

"Dear, you know she was never like that," whispered Helen. "Can't you see she looks guilty? Won't you have a talk with her after dinner? She isn't really dishonest—it's all this man!"

"Hold on—not so fast. It's a mighty serious thing, I tell you. You can't accuse a person of theft unless you've got darned good proof."

"What better proof could we have," shrilly impatient, "unless I actually saw her take it?"

But it was Dora's manner more than Helen's insistence that made Warren grudgingly consent to speak to her after dinner.

"It's a rotten job," he growled, with masculine aversion for a scene. When they rose from the table, with grumbling reluctance he strode out to the kitchen, Helen, breathlessly intent, stood listening by the pantry door.

"Dora," Warren's voice was serious. "Mrs. Curtis has lost her diamond brooch, and she feels sure you know something about it."

The girl's excited, broken protest Helen could not catch.

"No, Dora, I don't believe you," with a note of sternness. "Now if you'll give up that pin, we'll make it easy for you. But if you persist in denying it, I'm afraid—"

After that, Helen could hear no more, for Dora's violent sobbing drowned both their voices.

When Warren came out he was flushed and scowling. The scene had not been an easy one.

"It was darned awkward," curtly. "And I'm not so blamed sure the girl's guilty at that."

Helen tried to convince him, but she silenced her excited insistence with a grunt:

"Now that's enough! I don't want to hear any more about it."

Half an hour later, he suddenly hurried down his paper and stalked glowering toward Helen's room.

"Why, dear, what're you going to do?" following him anxiously.

"Going to have a look for that blooming pin!"

Jerking out the drawers, he roughly tossed over her feminine furbelows. Then, moving the things on the dresser, he lifted up the pin-cushion.

The diamond brooch gleamed at them mockingly! It had been lying under the lace frill of the cushion. With a startled cry Helen caught it up.

"Blame the girl for your own devilish carelessness, do you?" exploded Warren. "Too blamed lazy even to look—"

"She put it there!" Helen almost screamed. "She put it there since dinner. I looked there fifty times this afternoon. I had everything off this dresser."

"Put it there, oh?" sneeringly. "Pretty thin! You can't pull off anything like that!"

"Wait, I'll prove it!" in flaming resentment. "You stay here!" Thrusting the pin under the cushion, she flew out to the kitchen. "Dora, come into my room—at once!"

There was something in Helen's voice that made the girl follow her with terrified helplessness. Warren stood at the window, his back toward them. He had been through one scene—he would not take part in another.

"Now, Dora, you took my pin! The man who phoned you put you up to it—I know all about it. Now if you tell me where the pin is—nothing will be done. If you don't—we'll have the detectives after that man."

"I haven't got your pin!" sobbed Dora hysterically. "I told you I hadn't!" Then, as she edged toward the dresser: "But I'll look for it. You didn't ask me to look for it—maybe I can find it."

In tense silence they both watched her as she fumbled over the dresser and finally raised the pin-cushion.

Before she could speak Helen caught her wrist in a tight grasp.

"Now admit that you put it there—quick! You did—didn't you? Say you did—or you'll be sorry!"

"Oh, I—I didn't mean to take it!" breaking down completely. "He—he needed money and he was just going to pawn it for a few days. I'd have got it back when you paid me."

"You've been giving him your wages all along!" Helen pressed her swiftly. "Don't deny it—I know you have."

"He—he's been sick—and I had to help him. Now you'll discharge me," her sobs grew louder.

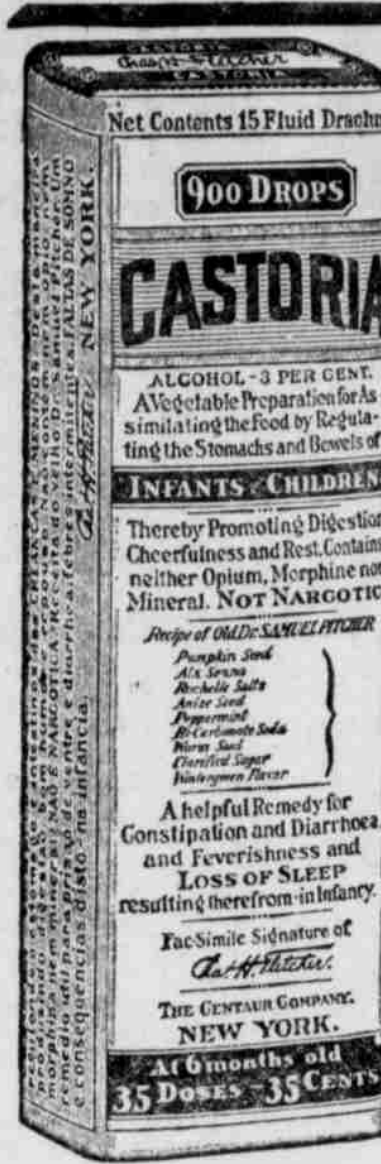
"Not if you give up that man. But I'll talk to you tomorrow. That will do—you can go now."

As the girl, still crying, slunk out, Helen dropped in a chair, all her courage gone. She had nerved herself up to the ordeal, but now that it was over, she was quiveringly unstrung.

"Buck up, Kitten," Warren placed a soothing arm about her. "You put it across that time. As Mrs. Sherlock Hawkeshaw—you certainly are the goods!"

Upsetting the Country.
Bill—I saw him digging in a garden yesterday out in the country.
Gill—Oh, that isn't a garden. That's the Country club. He was trying to play golf!

Communitary.
"I know you have pet names for the big guns, but what do you call the shell?"
"Depends 'ow close you are to where they burst, mum."—Bystander.

**Children Cry For**

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CUT OUT CROOKED STICKS

Use of Dead Wood for Fuel Is Also Applied to Scoundrels and the War.

Forestry experts in New York, a state which has given much conserving attention to its wealth in trees, urge farmers to help the country meet the high cost of fuel by making more use of the dead and dying timber in their wood lots. They are advised to burn in their stoves and grates the fallen logs still sound enough to be converted into fire wood and to cut down and utilize crooked trees obviously foredoomed to worthlessness as timber, no matter how long they may be allowed to stand.

This is good advice, and there is a human moral in the crooked stick part of it, says an exchange. The same stress of war times, which led to the appeal issued to New York farmers in sifting out crooked men. Some rascals will profit by war conditions, but in the broad view of the nation's affairs the sound and straight will come to the front. The country can't take chances with scoundrels. It must cut crooked sticks out of the life-and-death work of the war, in places of authority.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
Little Nettie asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." She was told that it meant the "world."

Some days after the teacher of the class to which Nettie belonged asked, "What is the equator?" After some hesitation Nettie said: "I know; it's the belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

A Suggestive Slap.
"You are my silvery-toned belle," said Sentimental Sammie.
"Huh!" rejoined Practical Pauline; "What is the use of having a bell if you don't ring it?"

European experimenters have found that explosions can be caused in gas works by sparks from a telephone.

Religion in France.

There is no state religion in France, but the adherents of any church or creed can hold their religious belief and observe their religious practices. Under the law promulgated on December 9, 1905, the churches were separated from the state, the adherents of all creeds were authorized to form associations for public worship, and the state, the departments and the communes were relieved from payment of salaries to clergymen. For clergymen of forty-five years of age pensions were provided. Buildings used for public worship were made over to associations for public worship. The association law of July 1, 1901, requires religious communities to be authorized by the state, and no monastic association can be authorized without a special law in each particular case. Before the passing of that law there were 910 recognized associations, and 753 not recognized. After the passing of the law, of the 753 not recognized, 305 dissolved themselves, and 448 asked for authorization which was refused by the chambers, or parliament, to the majority of them.

Just as Good.
Tommy Atkins had taken a German officer prisoner and demanded the latter's sword. The officer shook his head.

"I have no sword to give you," he said, "but won't my vitriol spray, my flame projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

Use for Horse Chestnuts.
Horse Chestnuts Wanted—British Find They Will Replace Other Cereals in Munitions.—Newspaper Headline.
"Thank heaven, we are not asked to eat them."—New York Sun.

Progress.
"Are you interested in food control?"
"I have gotten away past it. What I'm interested in now is appetite control."

No girl's face is in it with a retouched photograph.

SOLDIERS FIRST, THE RULE

Gallant Warriors Willing to Give Right of Way to Visitors, but Plans Are Changed.

It was a Sunday evening at Ft. Benjamin Harrison and the crowd of sisters, mothers, aunts and sight-seers was waiting at the interurban station for a car. At last one came. At the same time a crowd of soldiers with leave to go to the city arrived. It was evident that the lone car and its small trailer could not carry all the passengers. The soldiers held a little consultation, and then suddenly offered to the women the use of the train. They said they would wait for another car. The train filled with sisters, mothers, aunts and sight-seers left the little group, and the soldiers were thanked many times for the favor.

At the siding just east of town the train bearing all these civilians was stopped and backed on to a switch. Two minutes later a car loaded with soldiers passed them on the main track, making a bee-line for town.—Indianapolis News.

More Expensive Trimming.
Halefeller (wildly)—What? Do you mean to tell me, woman, that it cost \$30 to get that hat trimmed? Jumping Jupiter! But that milliner's game is the limit!

Mrs. Halefeller (sweetly)—Really? Why, I understood it costs some men more than that to get trimmed in a poker game.

Waiting for Congress.
"Why does the president have the pardoning power and not congress?"
"We don't want a prisoner who deserves a pardon to run the risk of dying of old age."

The crow is the one big black bird larger than a pigeon that flaps its wings all of the time slowly as it flies. There are fast friends and fast friends. One kind you can't lose.

**For Constipation
Carter's Little Liver Pills**

Helpful to the Healthiest Set You Right Over Night

Genuine bears signature *Brewster Wood* Small Pin Small Dose Small Price

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

Relieving Anxiety.
"What makes you so thoughtful, Algernon, dearest?"
"I was just thinking of the disturbance to business caused by the war, darling. Now, they say there is going to be a sugar shortage in the United States."

"Well, my own, don't get worried. I would just as soon have a nice, long automobile ride as a box of chocolates, any time."

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.
P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Which Is Done.
"My husband worries so over our gas bill."
"Oh, tell him to make light of it."

A wide fertile area will be reclaimed by the construction of a 32-mile canal in Matanzas province, Cuba.

**EAT
SKINNER'S
THE BEST
MACARONI**

**THE ORIGINAL CHEMICAL
Indoor Closet**
30,000 SOLD—FIFTH YEAR
More Comfortable,
Healthful, Convenient
Stimulates the out-house,
even, vault and one pool,
which are breeding places
for germs. Have a farm,
city, country, indoor closet
in a cold weather. A box is
valuable. Endorsed by State
Boards of Health.

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS
Put It Anywhere In The House
The germs are killed by a chemical process in
water in the container. Simply once a month.
No more trouble to empty than saucers. Closet
absolutely guaranteed. Ask for catalog and price
BOWNE SANITARY MFG. CO. 13210 6th St., DETROIT, MICH.
Ask about the No-Smell Washstand—Hot and
Cold Running Water Without Plumbing.

TODAY

Procrastination is the thief of health: Keep yourself well by the timely use and help of

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNTS CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, BURNING, ITCHING, WORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c. at druggists, or direct from A. B. HUNTS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALL
A toilet preparation of mouth
to relieve sore throat, dryness,
for restoring color and
beauty to gray or faded hair.
50c. and 1.00. Druggists.

SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

Sleep, Mothers Rest After Treatment With Cuticura—Trial Free.

Send today for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and learn how quickly they relieve itching, burning skin troubles, and point to speedy healing of baby rashes, eczema and itches. Having cleared baby's skin keep it clear by using Cuticura exclusively. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

For years the United States government has sought to protect the Indian race from liquor.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy
No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Eat More Corn!

When you eat corn instead of wheat you are saving for the boys in France.

Corn is an admirable cool weather food.

Whether or not you like corn bread, corn muffins, "Johnny Cake", or corn pone, you are sure to like

Post Toasties

The newest wrinkle in corn foods—crisp, bubbled flakes of white corn—a substantial food dish with an alluring smack—and costs but a trifle.

Make Post Toasties Your War Cereal